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VIRGINIUS.

TRAVESTIE

Or the Trials of a Journal

Paper

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VIRGINIUS;

OR,

THE TRIALS OF A FOND PAPA.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Public Place in Rome.*

BALLET.

Enter VIRGINIUS *and* TITUS, R. 2 E.

TITUS. (L.) Be calm.
VIRG. (R.) If I do, I'll be——
TITUS. Fie! don't swear.
VIRG. No saint could put up with this new Lord Mayor:
He shuts each public house at ten at night,
Fines you if in the streets a pipe you light,
War against costermongers fiercely wages,
And girls who deal in apples and green-gages;
And upon every article that's known
Levies a duty—and don't do his own.
TITUS. Why he was chosen I can't say, I'm sure.
VIRG. I can.
TITUS. Say why.
VIRG. His uncle is a brewer.
'Tis rarely at the poll the best are winners,
The victory falls to publicans—and sinners!
TITUS. D'ye mean to say he bribed the voters?
VIRG. No.
It's true he lent a ten-pound note or so;
Bought pigs for thrice their worth; some debts forgave;
To barbers paid a guinea for a shave;
Stood cabs, and beer, and lots of jovial feeding;
But bribe!—oh, no!—he'd scorn the base proceeding.
TITUS. He vowed he didn't wish to be selected.
VIRG. Hum! perhaps he wasn't sure of being elected.
The golden precepts of all statesmen teach
Contempt for office, when it's out of reach;
But when at last some snug berth they are found in,
The way they change their minds is quite astoundin'.

DENTA. Well, Citizens, I hope that you're contented.
TITUS. It's vain to growl at what can't be prevented.
DENTA. Let's all rebel.
LUCIUS. And on the gallows swing?
I mean, for my part, to do no such thing.
DENTA. Flog that poor child! What a brute he must be.
TITUS. I'd rather he should do that, than flog me.
DENTA. And Lucius—you've a tender heart, I know.
LUCIUS. That's true—but I've a tender back also.
According to my views of orthodoxy,
It's always nicer to be whipped by proxy.
DENTA. Cowardly boys!
TITUS. Your tongue, I may observe, is
By far too peppery for the civil service.
DENTA. With martial fire I feel my bosom glow.
LUCIUS. If you hit me, I'll take care 'ma shall know.
SERVIUS. Let's stand no nonsense from this saucy blade.
LUCIUS. Up, Citizens, and at him! (*all are going to attack* DENTATUS)

Enter ICILIUS, L. 2 E.

ICILIUS. (*standing before* DENTATUS) Who's afraid?
What! ten to one! (*all fall back*) That you should fall asunder,
Struck by remorse, I don't pretend to wonder.
Whatever may have been the provocations,
This base attack's a tax upon my patience;
And I'll just add, to make my speech complete,
There's a policeman coming down the street.
TITUS, LUCIUS *and* CITIZENS *exeunt hastily*, R.
DENTA. You're a brave lad—not that I owe you thanks
For stopping me from punishing their pranks;
This valiant arm a score of such could maim;
But, on the whole, I'm rather glad you came—
I want to chat with you. I know that Cupid
Has hit you;—there, don't blush, you little stupid.
But, lad, this is no time in love to mope,
When Appius round each throat has tied a rope,
My heart is of desire with him to cope full.
ICILIUS. You're wrong, if to untie your rope you're 'opeful;
Besides, it's the most natural thing on earth.
You know you're an European by birth.
DENTA. It's hard to wear around one's neck a halter.
ICILIUS. But if we plot, some one may halt or falter.
Sad our fate—but we must, I grieve to state, if
It can't be *h*altered, bear the *h*alternative.

Song—ICILIUS.—*Air*, "*Comin' through the Rye.*"

'Gin a bobby views a body
With suspicious eye,
And the bobby nabs a body,
Won't a body cry?
Ilka laddie caught conspiring
Will by hanging die;
But I don't want to find my neck
Becomin' all awry. *Exeunt* R. *and* L.

SCENE SECOND.—*A Room in the House of Virginius.*

Enter VIRGINIUS *and* SERVIA, C.

VIRG. (R.) So, you've suspicions?
SERVIA. (L.) 'Twould be more exact
To say, sir, that I know it for a fact.
It's not for nothing that girls mope and weep,
Go without dinner, and talk in their sleep.
She's in love—but who with?—that is the question.
VIRG. Perhaps it's an attack of indigestion.
SERVIA. Fiddlededee! I've caught her oft, of late,
Sketching a young man's likeness on her slate.
VIRG. D'ye know the face?
SERVIA. That would perplex me sadly;
She don't make two alike, she draws so badly;
I might have thought she meant each for a new man,
Except that none looked like anything human.
But I've a clue——
VIRG. Ha!—Well!
SERVIA. The other day,
At noughts and crosses we began to play;
She made a mark, which should have been a nought,
Then blushed and rubbed it out—or so she thought;
But she was wrong, for I contrived to spy
The mark she made was a big letter I.
VIRG. (*aside*) I!—Hum!—Icilius!—Well, it might be worse.
(*aloud*) Is that all you've discovered, worthy nurse?
SERVIA. No—in her drawer, of which she keeps the key,
There's something that's a mystery to me;—
A leather case, gilt over, quite splendacious;
I fear it's——
VIRG. What?
SERVIA. A photograph!
VIRG. Good gracious!
That case we'll view;—you say 'tis gilt—ah, me!
A case of guilt I fear 'twill prove to be.

That photograph may aid—oh, fatal art!
A foe to graft himself upon her heart. *Exeunt*, R.

Music.—Enter VIRGINIA, C.

VIRGINIA. Oh, deary me! each day I'm growing thinner,
Nurse says because I never eat my dinner;
But that's not it;—in my heart there's a pain
Which makes me sigh, and sigh, and all in vain!
I've lost the plump round waist I used to prize,
And grow thin, spite of my long-wasted sighs.
I love—oh! such a nice young man!—but, oh!
Does he love me?—that's what I want to know.
When we met at a party, I could see
That he was just the party to suit me;
And to the words I spoke, on his arm leaning,
Love lent a sigh to give a silent meaning.
But he said nothing soft—that's what I cry for;
I sigh for one whose heart I can't decipher.

Enter VIRGINIUS, *with roll of paper*, R.

VIRG. (*aside*) My mind's at ease—Icilius is the lad:
A better son-in-law could not be had.
(*aloud*) Come hither, child. (*sits*, R. C.)
VIRGINIA. Yes, pa!
VIRG. I can't help guessing
That, in your studies, you are not progressing.
I fear you play the truant, love.
VIRGINIA. Oh, my!
I couldn't do it, if I were to try.
VIRG. Kiss me, sweet babe. You love me? Eh, is't true?
VIRGINIA. When you don't blow me up, of course I do.
VIRG. I blow you up!
VIRGINIA. No, that's not what I mean—
That is—— (*confused*)
VIRG. (*aside*) The girl's in love, that's plainly seen.
(*aloud, opening roll*) Is this yours?
VIRGINIA. Yes; d'ye like it?
VIRG. No, not quite—
Your style of drawing's too Pre-Raphaelite.
VIRGINIA. There! I was certain you were going to quiz it.
VIRG. I've seen that face before. Bless me, whose is it!
It's—of course—it's Dentatus.
VIRGINIA. Well, I'm sure!
That's a young man of twenty—he's three score.
VIRG. True, love, you're right—and now I look again,
It's meant for young Icilius, that's plain.
VIRGINIA. D'ye think so?

VIRG. It's too good-looking by half.
Now just compare it with this photograph. (*produces photograph in case*)
VIRGINIA. Oh! pa! do give me that.
VIRG. Not till you've said
How you came by that youthful warrior's head.
VIRGINIA. I bought it.
VIRG. Where?
VIRGINIA. In a back street secluded,
Where they do them for sixpence, case included.
As I passed by, it chanced to catch my eye.

Enter DENTATUS, L.

VIRG. (*aside*) It's my belief that tale is all my eye.
(*aloud*) Welcome, Dentatus.
DENTA. That's as may be, friend.
My tidings won't to make me welcome tend.
VIRG. What tidings?
DENTA. Appius holds to-night a revel,
And meanwhile Rome is going to the devil.
Our foes advance—we're in for lots of slaughter.
That's pleasant, eh? So, so—this is your daughter.
Your servant, miss—she's a nice little dear.
VIRG. (*aside to* DENTATUS) Dentatus, hist! A word, friend, in your ear.
Had you a daughter—say, what would you do?
DENTA. (*aside to* VIRGINIUS) Get rid of her, and precious quickly, too:
Icilius would a first-rate husband make.
VIRG. (*aside to* DENTATUS) Of what I'm going to say, no notice take.
(*aloud*) Icilius—yes—he is a likely lad—
But I'm afraid his principles are bad.
They say of Appius Claudius he's the friend—
If so, our intimacy's at an end;
And if to my house he again repairs,
I'll hint the fact—by kicking him down stairs.

Exeunt VIRGINIUS *and* DENTATUS, C.

VIRGINIA. What do I hear? A kick! Pa's sandalled toe
In contact with my dear Icilius? Oh!
A kick! That's what low boys a sixpence call—
But pa' don't mean that sort of kick at all;
Unless 'ere long, my parent's anger ceases,
I feel my heart will break in several pieces,
And soon he'll see, without the slightest fuss,
I, silly me, die for I-cili-us.

Enter ICILIUS, L. 2 E.

ICILIUS. Sweet maid, I think I heard my name pronounced.
VIRGINIA. (*aside*) He here! how odd, to come up unannounced!
He looks quite sad. What's this poor lass to do,
If he has come to bid a last adoo.
ICILIUS. Say, why does terror cloud that lovely brow?
VIRGINIA. If pa' should see you, there'll be such a row!
You run a nasty risk, perchance you'll mourn.
ICILIUS. Be thou my star, an asterisk I scorn.
Send me not hence, 'twill lacerate my heart
If you, sweet lass irate, bid me depart.
But say, what do these fearful words portend?
VIRGINIA. Pa's heard of Appius Claudius you're the friend.
ICILIUS. 'Tis false.
VIRGINIA. Oh! ain't that jolly!
ICILIUS. Do I dream?
Or did thy heart speak in that joyous scream?
It will, if it what may seem meant imparts,
I can see mentally, cement our hearts,
And on visions of bliss tempt me to venturing,
Like seamen when a port their ships seem entering.
Say, do you love me, sweet Virginia?
VIRGINIA. Stop!
It strikes me you should first the question pop.
ICILIUS. I'll pop it now, sweet poppet, I declare.
Suppose I pop it to a pop'lar air.

Song—ICILIUS—*Air*, "*Sally, come up.*"

I've a tale to tell you'll like to hear,
In which you will find nothing queer,
For strange to none it can appear
That I propose to Viggy.
She's such a belle, a real plump swell,
In Roman togs she looks so well,
There's not a girl like Viggy.
Viggy, look up! Oh! Viggy, don't frown!
Viggy says yes, I'll bet a crown;
There's not a nicer girl in town,
So, Viggy, come solve the riddle.

VIRGINIA. My secret's yours—dissemble more I can't,
Or if I could contrive to——
ICILIUS. Well?
VIRGINIA. (*embracing him*) I shan't.

Enter VIRGINIUS, C.

VIRG. (*aside*) Some sound of minstrelsy I thought I heard.
Well! this is rather cool, upon my word.

VIRGINIA. Now leave me, dearest.
ICILIUS. Leave you? Would you ask
The toper to leave the full brandy flask?
Do folks who bubble companies begin,
Leave them as long as money's coming in?
I'll stay, now that I've of your heart the scrip,
Till I've touched dividends from that sweet lip.
VIRGINIA. But think of pa!
ICILIUS. Your pa I want to see.
VIRG. (*advancing*) Well, sir?
VIRGINIA. My! what a rumpus there will be?
Exit VIRGINIA, C.
VIRG. Thou seest that hand, boy—dost thou dare to take it?
ICILIUS. With pleasure, and most cordially shake it.
VIRG. (*grasping Icilius's hand*) Then take it. Is it weak in thy embrace?
ICILIUS. (*writhing in pain*) Oh! dear me, no. I wish that was the case.
You squeeze my fingers like a vice, you do.
VIRG. 'Tis but to see if there is vice in you.
ICILIUS. Do loose your grip—on my hand pray have mercy.
VIRG. (*releasing his hand*) I see you have no vice, but *vice versa*
I will, since to your love her heart responds,
Invest my child in matrimonial bonds.
I don't intend to give you wealth—not I;
Marriage is in itself a proper tie.

Enter TITUS, LUCIUS, SERVIUS, *and* CITIZENS, L.

Heyday! what means this crowd and sudden clatter?
Oblige me, friends, by saying what's the matter.
SERVIUS. The enemy!
TITUS. The foe!
LUCIUS. The Sabines!
VIRG. Stop!
Perhaps this concerted dialogue you'll drop.
Let one be spokesman, and don't make it long.
LUCIUS. Well then, we're going to have it hot and strong!
The Sabine troops advance on us, they say,
With more allies——
VIRG. Don't moralise, I pray.
What motive prompts them to these hostile capers?
LUCIUS. They've been pitched into in our morning papers.
For these attacks they vow they'll soon have paid us.
Against them we inveighed—now they invade us;
Each, at their legion dare he strike a blow,
Must more than legendary valour show.

Through meadow and morass their army passes,
With countless troops of horses, and more asses.
With our brave warriors they fought last night;
A bulletin our general meant to write,
But alas! upon that head nothing's known,
Because he got a bullet in his own.

VIRG. The Sabine troops invade us—there'll be slaughter!
Hooray!

ICILIUS. Virginius, how about your daughter?
You said you'd give her to me.

VIRG. Well, I'm willing,
When we come back, if you should escape killing.
You must to battle go.

ICILIUS. Alas! I know so!
My honey-moon, I fear, will be but so so;
To spend it all alone will not be jolly,
That *lune de miel* will be quite *miel*ancholy.
But ere we start, let's hold the wedding revels;
I've heard that married people fight like devils.

VIRG. Can't wait.

ICILIUS. Betroth us, or I shall go wild.

VIRG. Well, I don't mind. Wait while I fetch my child.
That lad's as hot blooded as any Creole. (*opens door, &c., and discovers* VIRGINIA *kneeling, as looking through key-hole*)
I thought as much. She's listening at the key-hole. (*brings* VIRGINIA *down*)

VIRGINIA. Oh! spare my blushes, pa'!

VIRG. Don't be absurd.
Icilius, there's your wife. I've kept my word.
It's time she's wed—for on eighteen, or nearly,
This tender virgin here is verging yearly;
Love her, and so forth—let nobody harm her.
Now then go home, and polish up your armour:
Days in Bellona's service you must see,
Before you can of that belle owner be.

VIRGINIA. Oh! dear papa, I wish he could have tarried—
A widow I may be, before I'm married.

ICILIUS. If you repent, take back your hand, sweet duck.

VIRGINIA. Oh! no, indeed, I know when I'm in luck;
But be advised—adopt the prudent plan,
And when you fight, pick out a little man.

ICILIUS. When I strike out, sighing for my loved prize,
I can't help hitting one of my own sighs.

Exeunt R. 1 E.

Concerted Piece.—Air, "Spinning Quartett."—Martha.

VIRG. With your foot upon the field of battle soon you'll have to tread.

Ensemble.

ICILIUS. What a plague—ah! what a plague!
Thoughts of fighting
To my mind are not inviting—
No, no, no, no!
Some may think that fighting's nice,
But at home they'll try to linger,
If they take my advice,
In that pie they'll have no finger,
If they take my advice.
Yet our crafty foes defying,
Battle fields we soon must tread,
And we'll knock them on the head.

VIRG. } Yes, our crafty foes defying,
LUCIUS. } Soon the battle field we'll tread—
SERVIUS. } And we hope to send them flying,
With a crack upon the head.

Exeunt, severally.

SCENE THIRD.—*A Public Place in Rome.*

Enter DENTATUS, TITUS, SERVIUS, *and* CITIZENS, L.

TITUS. What's to be done?
DENTA. We'll be undone!
TITUS. That's true.
Demolish Appius.
DENTA. He'll demolish you;
You've given him the rod—don't think he'll spare it—
So bare your backs, and try to grin and bear it.
TITUS. Dentatus, I'm not one that often wrangles;
But hang it all—he's laid a tax on mangles.

Enter LUCIUS, L.

LUCIUS. You've heard the news?
DENTA. A victory?
LUCIUS. No such treat.
DENTA. In that case, I presume it's a defeat.
LUCIUS. Pshaw, man! for that I shouldn't care a button.
DENTA. What then?
LUCIUS. The troops are forced to eat cold mutton.
DENTA. That cruel act is needless as 'tis rash;
Our rulers can of most things make a hash.
Who told you this?

LUCIUS. A trooper in disgrace,
Who grieves his soul because he's lost his place.
Caught sleeping with a knapsack on his back,
Because he took the nap he got the sack.
DENTA. In the camp there'll be mutineers, I fear.
LUCIUS. But we are not forced to be mute in here;
Nothing our legions get from faults is free,
The cuirasses are queer as they can be;
No soldier for his back a decent dress gets,
And in July they've served out flannel waistcoats.

Song.—LUCIUS.—*Air*, "*Who shall be fairest?*"

Dresses the queerest,
Such as the merest
Beggar would spurn, to our soldiers they bring;
Isn't it shocking,
They've holes in each stocking,
Which for a warrior is not quite the thing.
Tunics all tattered,
Cuirasses battered,
Sandals that pinch till their toes throb with pain;
Few mackintoshes,
Fewer goloshes,
And no umbrellas to keep off the rain.
No, they've no umbrellas to keep off the rain.

DENTA. It's clear we've for rebellion motives pressing—
Our warriors' wrongs, like themselves, need redressing.
Gold into the state chest in vain we pour.
LUCIUS. Then, to use Milton's language, "Why give more?"
DENTA. The Capitol of dresses holds a heap,
Of which each year they sell the surplus cheap,
And what they've weeded out, buy back for more.
LUCIUS. That's why they call the place a Weed'n store.
DENTA. We'll from his seat the ruthless tyrant tear.
TITUS. We will! Hooray! Oh, crikey! here's the Mayor.

Enter APPIUS *and* CLAUDIUS, L. U. E.

APPIUS. (R. C.) Now then, Dentatus, what's that you were saying?
DENTA. (R.) It wasn't for your welfare I was praying.
APPIUS. Hold your tongue, knave.
CLAUD. (L. C., *aside, to* APPIUS) It's rash to talk like that.
DENTA. You carpet warrior.

APPIUS. Well, don't carp at that,
You saucy fellow! have you lost your wits?
CLAUD. (*aside, to* APPIUS) Don't! he could smash you into little bits.
APPIUS. (*aside, to* CLAUDIUS) Don't bother.
(*aloud, to* DENTATUS) Slave! if you don't quit the town, I'll call my lictors.
DENTA. Do; I'll knock them down.
Since that's your plan, the best thing I can do,
Is to make a beginning upon you. (*advances menacingly towards* APPIUS)
APPIUS. Citizens! save me from this wretch enraged.
LUCIUS. (L.) Sorry, but can't—we're otherwise engaged.
DENTA. I don't mind fighting you, if you prefer it
APPIUS. Thank you—I'm much obliged—but we'll defer it.
CLAUD. (*aside, to* APPIUS) Conciliate him—it's your wisest plan.
APPIUS. (*aside, to* CLAUDIUS) I'll try.
(*aloud, to* DENTATUS) Dentatus, you're a worthy man.
That there's a better citizen, I doubt.
DENTA. You've been a precious time finding it out.
APPIUS. Well, you know, better late than never, eh?
But really, you should not go on this way.
You're an old warrior—why don't you fight?
DENTA. I offered to fight you.
APPIUS. You're too polite.
Fight with Rome's foes—that's what you ought to do.
DENTA. Well, I don't know a greater one than you.
I'm ready. (*menaces* APPIUS)
APPIUS. Don't! (*to* CLAUDIUS) Dear Claudius, don't go.
(*to* DENTATUS) You ought to be a general, you know.
I'll make you one.
DENTA. A general!
CLAUD. (*aside to* APPIUS) Good gracious;
Of all your foes he is the most audacious.
Against yourself he'll lead the troops.
APPIUS. (*aside to* CLAUDIUS) Get out!
D'ye think that I don't know what I'm about?
(*aloud to* DENTATUS) Valiant Dentatus! come, your answer quick!
You weep!
DENTA. (*affecting emotion*) I didn't think you such a brick.
LUCIUS. (*aside to* DENTATUS, *going to him*) What, you'll support the tyrant's cause?
DENTA. (*aside to* LUCIUS) Trust me—
Wait till I've joined my troops—then you shall see.
(*crosses*, L.)

APPIUS. Start at once—write to me when you get there—
And mind that it's pre-paid.
CITIZENS. Long live the Mayor!
Exeunt DENTATUS, LUCIUS, TITUS, *and* CITIZENS, L.
CLAUD. You must be crazy. Pray at once revoke-him.
APPIUS. I mean to do better than that.
CLAUD. What?
APPIUS. Choke him!
We'll telegraph at once—bid my spies spot him—
And when the camp he reaches——
CLAUD. Well?
APPIUS. Garotte him!
CLAUD. Nonsense! it's needless to garotte the veteran—
Your plan is stale—let me suggest a better 'un;
No matter what amount of valour he
May show, don't pay his quarter's salary.

Song.—CLAUDIUS.—*Air*, "*Il segreto per esser felice.*"

Oh! the secret why folks are unhappy
I have learnt in my rambles through town,
If you ask a lugubrious chap, he
Will inform you he's not got a brown—
A joke 'tis to hear people vaunting
The use of adversity's school,
For of life the great charm must be wanting,
If your pockets don't chance to be full.

APPIUS. Heigho! I'm dull to-day.
CLAUD. Yes, so I find.
APPIUS. Claudius, your friend's unhappy in his mind.
I've ills to cure which I must take some steps here.
CLAUD. Bless me, dear Appius, what is it?
APPIUS. Dyspepsia.
CLAUD. I was just noticing how pale you look;
Perhaps it's the river.
APPIUS. Oh! no—it's my cook.
That female, who'll one day cause my decease,
Though born in Italy, revels in grease;
Day after day I find—it's very hard—
My well-stocked larder smothered up in lard.
CLAUD. Sad fate! Your viands to have cooked you're fated
In fat you hate, by cooks infatuated.
APPIUS. Meat in a sea of oil its flavour loses,
For no one but her so much butter uses;
And to the loud complaints I daily utter,
She, lawyer-like, replies by a re-butter.

Guess how she must excite my choler.
CLAUD. Ah!
APPIUS. That's what I chiefly dread.
CLAUD. What?
APPIUS. Choler-a!
When to our feasts my merry jokes give zest,
I may die jesting, for I can't digest.
CLAUD. To die just yet would be a pity.
APPIUS. Right!
I view the case precisely in that light.
But for another, where am I to look?

Enter VIRGINIA, *with a book, and* SERVIA, L. U. E.

VIRGINIA. (L. C.) Oh! nurse, do look at this new cookery book.
These swindling Roman tradesmen drive me wild—
It's a dead take in!
SERVIA. (L.) What's the matter, child?
VIRGINIA. They said it told of dishes by the score,
Of which we'd never heard in Rome before,
And there's not one that I've not made.
APPIUS. (R., *aside, to* CLAUDIUS) D'ye hear?
SERVIA. I know in cookery you've no rival, dear.
Your father, though a man of martial breeding,
Is most particular about his feeding,
And he says you've no match at a ragout.
APPIUS. (*aside to* CLAUDIUS) D'ye mark that?
VIRGINIA. Don't talk gibberish—say stew.
I like it—other sports fun may be rich in,
But my delight is pottering in the kitchen.
APPIUS. (*aside, to* CLAUDIUS) Follow her, Claudius—get her name, address.
CLAUD. (*to* VIRGINIA) I beg your pardon, Miss ——
SERVIA. (L. C.) You can't do less.
Accost a lady!—conduct, sir, so queer,
Had her pa been here, would ha' cost you dear.
CLAUD. Her pa'? (*aside*) I've hit upon a scheme ingenious.
(*aloud*) I think I know him—his name is——
SERVIA. Virginius.
A soldier, now with our brave army fighting.
CLAUD. Thank you. My guess, I see, I wasn't right in.
Good day, fair dame—my boldness pray forget.
SERVIA. Good day. (*aside*) The nicest man I ever met.
CLAUD. Farewell, sweet maid—would I your swain might be.
VIRGINIA. Nonsense, young man—it's wain to talk to me:
In sayin' such things you're guilty of ill-breeding,
So don't adopt such an insane proceeding.

Exeunt VIRGINIA *and* SERVIA, L. U. E.

APPIUS. (*coming down, and grasping Claudius's arm*) Speak!
to know the result my mind is itching;
Can I secure that damsel for my kitchen?
CLAUD. Impossible!—Virginius is her father.
APPIUS. You think he'd scorn the offer?
CLAUD. Do I?—rather!
APPIUS. She must be mine—I care not by what scheme.
Of luscious banquets I begin to dream.
Jupiter ne'er would Ganymede have took
If Hebe had been such a first-rate cook.
I burn, my Claudius.
CLAUD. You burn?—that I doubt;
Why, man, you keep on putting yourself out.
I'd help you if I could, I would indeed,
For I'm your friend.
APPIUS. Yes, when friends I don't need;
Like folks who say they'll do whate'er you will,
But back out when you say, "Accept a bill."
Claudius, you've not forgotten, I suppose,
That once you kept a shop—under the rose.
CLAUD. I did.
APPIUS. You had apprentices.
CLAUD. Quite true—
But with the question what has that to do?
APPIUS. Say she's your 'prentice—a forged deed prepare—
Bribe witnesses, and tell them what to swear;
At once your suit at my tribunal press—
What my decision will be, you can guess.
Fly, Claudius—till you've triumphed, never leave her—
And save your bosom friend from gastric fever.

Duet.—APPIUS *and* CLAUDIUS.—*Air*, "*Suoni la tromba.*"

APPIUS. Sound, sound the maiden's feelings—
Fortune for her foretelling
If in my noble dwelling
She'll do the cookery.
Dares she refuse my cook to be,
Heedless of her complaining,
Soon we'll our end be gaining
By fraud and treachery.
Round, round the damsel weaving
A web of villany.
CLAUD. I'll sound the maiden's feelings—
Fortune for her foretelling,
If in your noble dwelling,
She'll do the cookery.

Dares she refuse your cook to be,
Heedless of her complaining,
Soon we'll our end be gaining
By fraud and treachery.

BOTH. Sound / I'll } sound the maiden's feelings—
Fortune for her foretelling
If in { my / your } noble dwelling
She'll do the cookery.
And all the meat { I / you } buy,
Roast, stew, and boil and fry.

Exeunt, severally.

Enter LUCIUS *and* TITUS, *meeting.*

LUCIUS. More news!
TITUS. Bless me! you seem in consternation.
LUCIUS. The army's perishing from slow starvation—
They'd eaten all the mutton—picked the bones—
At last from Rome came rattling o'er the stones
A waggon load, said to be beef and ham;
But when 'twas opened 'twas——
TITUS. What?
LUCIUS. Currant jam.
(VIRGINIA *screams without)*
LUCIUS. Dost hear that voice? Methinks I know its tone.

Enter VIRGINIA, *dragged in by* CLAUDIUS—SERVIA *trying to release her from him*—CITIZENS *following*, L. U. E.

VIRGINIA. Be quiet, you rude man. Leave me alone.
LUCIUS. I know that lady, sir— her hand release.
VIRGINIA. The vulgar reprobate! Where's the police?
CLAUD. This girl is my apprentice.
SERVIA. Oh! you wretch!
I wish some one a constable would fetch.
How dare you to a free maid make this claim?
Ugh! monster!
TITUS. Brute!
LUCIUS. It's a confounded shame!
VIRGINIA. I'm not a 'prentice, and I won't be—oh!
CLAUD. No nonsense!—to the lock-up you must go.
VIRGINIA. He'll lock me up. Soon of his threats a mocker,
Papa will put a shot into that locker.

CLAUDIUS *drags* VIRGINIA *off*, R. U. E.

TITUS. Oh! bitter woe!
LUCIUS. Talking's no use, you know;
You can't stop him by crying "wo!"
SERVIA. Say, has Icilius left the city?
LUCIUS. No.
SERVIA. Seek him out—bid him to Virginius fly,
And bring him home, but without saying why.
If her papa knows in what a scrape she's got,
He'll be killing somebody on the spot.
LUCIUS. He'll hasten quick as lightning, never fear,
And gallop there to save this gal up here.

Song.—LUCIUS.—*Air*, "*Di quella Pira.*"

Di quella pira;
No, that's Italian.
On te punira;
That's French, I know.
Foreign tongues jinglish
Can't give my meaning;
I'll say in English,
Here's a rum go.
Lovely young victim,
Don't be downhearted,
When we have licked him,
No more you'll sob.
With a big bludgeon,
Soon will Virginius
Give that curmudgeon
One for his nob.
And if to fight him he essays,
He'll find 'twill be a very awkward job.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Open Country.*

Enter VIRGINIUS, R. U. E.

VIRG. To be, or not to be, that is the question—
Whether to kill the Mayor by indigestion,
Artfully tempt his palate vitiated,
With noxious meats and drinks adulterated,
Or to take arms against the seedy swell,
Our arms being strychnine—arsenic as well—
And by a potion end him. One small drop—
No more—and by a sleep to say we stop
The heartaches, and the thousand startling shocks
He gives us, and then pack him in a box,

And so to end him—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished—on this occasion.
To die, poisoned with drugs mixed with his grub—
To die—an inquest perhaps—aye, there's the rub;
For at that inquest facts to light might come,
Which would with consternation strike one dumb,
If some keen analyst search institutes,
And traces poison in the victim's boots.
Or, if no taint of venom they denote,
A tailor finds some arsenic in his coat.
This makes calamity of so long life,
And makes a man endure a scolding wife.
For who would stand the nuisance of her tongue,
On the same sharp note endless changes rung,
When he himself might a quiet house make
With prussic acid—who would undertake
To grunt his discontent with bated breath,
But that the dread of something after death,
The terrible Old Bailey, from whose dock
No murderer returns, gives us a shock,
And makes us rather bear our wretched fate,
Than run the risk of being hung at eight. (x)

Medley Song—VIRGINIUS—*Air*, "*I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie.*"

Believing that to borrow any
Disguise, in vain appears;
I'll own that for a long time many
Have whispered in my ears.

Air, "*Buffalo Girls.*"

As I've been strolling down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
Each Roman lad I've chanced to meet,
Has whispered this to me.

Air, "*Dublin Bay.*"

Oh! hit vile Appius in the eye,
And make the tyrant say,
To save his life he'd gladly try
To swim to Dublin Bay.

Air, "*La donna e mobile.*"

Fair though the plan may seem,
If he finds out the scheme,
Then will our bright dream
Quickly be ended,

And at the hour of eight,
I shall, I grieve to state,
Be by that reprobate
Soon suspended—so.

Air, "*Lucy Long.*"

Take your time, Virginius,
Take your time, and don't be rash—
Pray take your time, Virginius,
Or of this you'll make a hash.
But when we have thrust him
From the civic throne,
There'll be such rejoicing
As was never known.

Air, "*Chinese Dance.*"

Ding a ding a ding dong, church bells pealing,
What a crop of queer notes, flats and sharps,
Hundred thousand nigger serenaders,
Dirty little boys with jews' harps,
What a lot of squeaking, groaning, scraping
Mandolines and cornets, fiddle strings,
Funny little folks who try to make a
Clatter with their spoons and tea things—
Women on their ten toes dancing, prancing,
Tiddy ittle brats attempting jigs,
Every one rejoicing that we've had a
Shindy with the tyrant big wigs.

Medley dance, and exit.

Enter SOLDIERS.

BALLET.

Enter DENTATUS.

DENTA. Brave Roman warriors, strange as it may be,
In me a bran new general you see—
You'll welcome me, I hope.
SOLDIERS. Hooray!
DENTA. That's hearty.

Enter the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, *who rushes about the stage.*

Bless me! who's this excited female party?
Young woman, we can't have you frisking here.
What's your name, eh?
STRANGER. I haven't an idea.

DENTA. Your age?
STRANGER. Shan't say.
DENTA. Where were you born?
STRANGER. Can't tell.
DENTA. Where do you live?
STRANGER. Where I may chance to dwell.
DENTA. Beware! you'll make me angry.
STRANGER. I don't care.
DENTA. Where the deuce do you come from?
STRANGER. Everywhere.
For wealth and fame I've ransacked hill and hollow,
And I've found both—which doesn't always follow.
But though of foreign climes I've been a ranger,
I fancy here that I'm not quite a stranger.
And who may you be, friend, most pertinacious?
DENTA. A General.
STRANGER. Noble?
DENTA. No.
STRANGER. Rich?
DENTA. No.
STRANGER. Good gracious!
DENTA. In many wars for valour I've been noted.
STRANGER. That makes it odd that you should be promoted;
For martial honours fall, in modern style,
To rank and wealth, but not to rank and file.
DENTA. That's very true; but, true as it may be,
With winning talk you can't come over me.
Your dress, young lady, betwixt you and I,
Is rather short.
STRANGER. The fact I don't deny;
But the hot weather, every sage asserts,
Justifies muzzlin' dogs and muslin skirts.
DENTA. I'll take some steps to make you civil, lass.
STRANGER. Well, take your steps, man—mine they can't surpass;
For to the neatest pirouette you show,
You'll find I'll make a quick match with my toe.
DENTA. Your passport!
STRANGER. To success, both near and far,
I've always found a passport in my *pas*.
DENTA. Your pa! I summon you, miss, to produce him.
Well, since you press the point, I'll introduce him.

Pas Seul—STRANGER.

BALLET. (*closed in*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Mountainous Pass.*

Enter VIRGINIUS, R.

VIRG. Oh! for some vinegar to cool my hot head!
What do I hear? Dentatus is garotted.
He who our banquet oft with mirth inspired,
On a bank wet with mountain dew expired.
This tough old blade—hero of martial stuff—
Lies stretched upon that sod—that's odd enough!
What motive made the wretch this mischief do him?
His purse to sue for, none would e'er pursue him.
If thirst for gold inspired the cruel deed,
Th' assassin was a monstrous ass indeed!
So little to Dentatus wealth was dear,
Had they cashiered him, he'd had no cash here.
He had our love—by brave deeds so had won it,
That, in a feud, I think there's few'd have done it.
I cogitate, yet find but one reply,
I've missed a friend, and it's a mystery.

Song.—VIRGINIUS.—*Air*, "*Friend John.*"

'Tis forty years—no, forty-one,
Since he and I were kids,
And joined in every kind of fun
That prudence most forbids.
We climbed the trees a nest to get
In every kind of weather,
And when we got our jackets wet,
Why we got whopped together.
When we were boys, naughty, naughty boys,
When we were boys together,
They used to thrash us twice a day,
When we were boys together.

CHORUS. (*in orchestra*) When we were boys &c.

With gunpowder we often played,
And burnt our eyebrows off,
And that was how, I'm much afraid,
I got the hooping cough.
With string the old schoolmaster's wig
We'd to the door-post tether,
But when he caught us at that rig,
Why, we got whopped together,
When we were boys &c.

CHORUS. When we were boys &c.

Enter ICILIUS, L., *who sings the last two lines of Chorus of Song.*

VIRG. I'm glad to see you—but 'twas very wrong
To take a part, unbidden, in my song.

We singers think it rude—it's apt to bore us.
ICILIUS. It wasn't rude—'twas only in-de-chorus.
VIRG. For that vile joke I don't see much occasion.
ICILIUS. It was but of my wit the corus-cation.
VIRG. You ought to sing a dirge, boy, if you knew it.
ICILIUS. I won't—so cease, and urge me not to do it.
VIRG. Dentatus, lad, with whom you've often wrangled,
With his own toga has been basely strangled.
ICILIUS. What a vile deed! the murderous wretch! Od rot him
'Twas cruel with his toga to-garotte him.
VIRG. What brings you from the city?
ICILIUS. To seek you.
Since you had from the camp decamped, I knew
I'd best, as I'd a pressing message got,
In quest of you seek this sequestered spot.
VIRG. A message, say you?
ICILIUS. Yes; without delay
With me to Rome you now must roam away.
VIRG. The reason?
ICILIUS. Mustn't tell.
VIRG. Do!
ICILIUS. Shan't! that's flat.
The income tax is doubled—think of that.
VIRG. Double the income tax! Oppression odious.
ICILIUS. Yes—many people find it incommodious.
VIRG. Yet, why to Rome should that entice me, pray?
A stronger motive 'tis to stop away.
So, fare thee well, Icilius.
ICILIUS. Stop a bit.
The river.
VIRG. Does it smell?
ICILIUS. No—you smell it,
And the miasma that from it ascends,
Is fit to poison me-as-ma pretends.
The workmen strike.
VIRG. Who?
ICILIUS. Don't know, and don't care.
VIRG. Well, Big Ben don't strike, that makes matters square.
ICILIUS. Now will you come?
VIRG. Not I—that is, unless——
ICILIUS. Will you, to aid a female in distress?
VIRG. A female? Say, who is the suff'ring party?
ICILIUS. Virginia.
VIRG. Dead?
ICILIUS. No.
VIRG. Ill?
ICILIUS. No—well and hearty.

But your sweet daughter is in such a pickle as
Was never heard of;—oh, it's too ridic'lous!

Song.—ICILIUS.—*Air*, "*Ah! fors 'e lui.*"

Perchance you'll stare when I relate
Virginia's sad condition. (*bis*)
She's in a very ticklish state,
All through a vile patrician. (*bis*)
For Caius Claudius boldly swears
That she's his 'prentice lawful;
So in a pickle awful
I've left the precious babe.
The powerful wretch in the lock-up has caged her,
And in the scuffle has terribly damaged her.
Perhaps you don't mind it;
But very hard I find it.
Oh, yes! oh, yes! the prospect
Seems an extremely queer one for me.
Virginia! a 'prentice! good gracious me!
Through the streets he dragged my deary,
And lest she should disappear, he
In a cell extremely dreary,
Keeps her under lock and key.
But I don't mean to stand his nonsense,
So, unless these pranks he ceases,
And the tender maid releases,
Soon he'll find a jolly row there'll be.
Such a row, such a row,
Such a row there'll verily be.

VIRG. Virginia claimed by Claudius for his 'prentice!
Of a vile plot my mind upon the scent is.
Arrested, say you? handcuffed, I'll be bound.
Had my hand been there, I'd the cuffs have found.
Icilius, on!—to Rome!—quick, lead the way!
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.
ICILIUS. And to make sure that this fray turn all right,
Accept my hand in a fra-tern-al light.

Duet.—VIRGINIUS *and* ICILIUS.—*Air*, "*Comrade, your hand.*"

ICILIUS. Comrade, your hand,
VIRG. We understand,
We understand each other in a breath.
ICILIUS. In quoting Bunn
I see no fun
Few witty things that poet saith—

A row there'll be,
I plainly see,
In which you'll need my aid—
Though I'm, mayhap,
A little chap,
Why, hang it, who's afraid,
I want to know.
Pray who's afraid—yes, who's afraid.—So—

Air, "I'm off to Charlestown."

I'm off to Charlestown,
People call it Rome, sir,
I'm off to Charlestown,
Excuse the blunder, pray—
But Rome wouldn't fit the metre of the ditty well.
I'm off to Charlestown,
It's Rome I meant to say. *(repeat the last air ensemble)* *Dance and exeunt*, L.

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Forum.*

APPIUS *discovered on Throne*, R.—CLAUDIUS *standing beside him.*—SERVIUS, CITIZENS, LICTORS, *&c.*

APPIUS. Now, Romans, such of you as audience crave,
Advance—and just take care how you behave.
Who seeks redress in this court finds a way for it,
And justice gets—that is, if he can pay for it.
SERVIUS. My lord——
APPIUS. How now? I've seen your face before,
You've been here once—Be off, sir, you're a bore.
How dare you now a second time come near me?
SERVIUS. But the last time your worship wouldn't hear me.
APPIUS. I wouldn't, eh? Then I shan't now, you'll find.
In law, you know, precedents always bind.
1ST CIT. Most worthy mayor, and high and mighty lord.
APPIUS. A civil spoken fellow, on my word.
I like your face—it's honest. Well—proceed.
1ST CIT. Appius, of justice I stand much in need.
I've been defrauded of my all.
APPIUS. Hum! Well?
1ST CIT. So to my lord I've come the tale to tell,
And slake the thirst for vengeance which I nurse.
APPIUS. Excuse me, friend, but I don't see your purse.
1ST CIT. 'Tis here, my lord. *(gives purse)*
APPIUS. Why, slave, there's nothing in it!
Out of my sight, you ugly knave, this minute!

Now, Romans, who's the next that brings his cause
To be adjudged by our impartial laws?
Nobody speaks? Take notice, every one,
To-day there'll be no more justice done.
2ND CIT. That's nothing new.
APPIUS. On that remark you'll brood
For a few years, in penal servitude.
Seize him!—for him no penalty too large is.
(2ND CITIZEN *is dragged off*, L.)
Now, lictors, look sharp—bring on the night charges.

LICTORS *bring on* 1ST PRISONER, L.

What's he been doing?
CLAUD. (*looking at charge sheet*) Sleeping in the street,
And says for days he's had nothing to eat.
APPIUS. Hum! I'm afraid that he's a hardened sinner.
How dare you, rascal, go without your dinner?
1ST PRIS. I couldn't get any.
APPIUS. That's very fine!
Not get a dinner! pshaw!—don't I get mine?
CLAUD. He's a suspicious character.
1ST PRIS. 'Taint true.
CLAUD. Why, I suspect him.
APPIUS. Enough—that'll do.
Take him away—six weeks. Now for the next.
(LICTORS *take out* 1ST PRISONER, *and bring in* 2ND PRISONER, *a lady with large crinoline*)
Arrest a lady! upon what pretext?
CLAUD. Look at her size, my lord.
APPIUS. Well, what of that?
There's no law, idiot, against getting fat.
The very notion's personal—I feel it;
And were there such a law—why, I'd repeal it.
CLAUD. Most potent Mayor, don't get in such a passion,
She isn't stout—it's only a new fashion:
'Tis the pet whim of each ambitious dame,
In a hen coop to coop her slender frame,
And walk about hooped like a barrel.
APPIUS. Zounds!
I won't put up with that—fine her ten pounds.
I'll do the same to every one who dares
To trundle hoops in public thoroughfares.
(LICTORS *take out* 2ND PRISONER, *and bring in* 3RD PRISONER)
What's his offence, eh?
CLAUD. Drunk, my lord, last night;
And besides, with the lictors tried to fight.

APPIUS. Did he indeed?—in gaol his heels he'll cool.
Give him six months.
CLAUD. Hard labour?
APPIUS. Yes, you fool.
These drunken brawls I've sworn I will put down.
CLAUD. Here's a patrician.
APPIUS. Oh!—fine him a crown.
Exeunt CLAUDIUS, LICTORS, *and* 3RD PRISONER.
This is warm work. A grateful people's praise
The toil of office scantily repays. (*tumult without*)
Go, quell that uproar. *Exit* LICTOR.
(*aside*) 'Tis Virginia's squeal.
I scarcely like to own how queer I feel.

Enter CLAUDIUS, *dragging* VIRGINIA, *followed by* TITUS, *slightly intoxicated*, SERVIA, *and* LICTORS, L. U. E.

VIRGINIA. Justice! oh, justice!
APPIUS. Girl, this clamour stop!
For justice, miss, you've come to the right shop.
Claudius, to lend you both our ears we're ready.
TITUS. (L.) Needless—his own are long enough already.
APPIUS. Pray silence in the Court.
CLAUD. Most potent mayor,
I claim possession of that damsel there.
Great Appius, hear my prayer.
SERVIA. Wretch, in my power
I wish I had you, just for half an hour.
CLAUD. To the Court for protection I appeal.
SERVIA. Wouldn't I pinch you till I made you squeal.
APPIUS. Turn that low woman out.
SERVIA. Try, and you'll rue it!
It's easy said, you know, but who's to do it?
APPIUS. Unfold your claims, good Claudius—proceed.
CLAUD. She's bound apprentice to me by this deed.
(*hands paper to* APPIUS)
VIRGINIA. It's false, I never was, you wicked man.
APPIUS. Be civil, female—it's your wisest plan.
SERVIA. Base wretch, how dare you such a lie to tell come—
She's free as you are.
TITUS. And a deal more welcome.
APPIUS. The case is proved. Home with him she must hie.
(CLAUDIUS *goes towards* VIRGINIA)
VIRGINIA. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! who will protect me?

Enter ICILIUS, L. U. E.

ICILIUS. (*rushing to* VIRGINIA) I!

Sweet wife—soon by your side your pa will be.
You think your parent's far, apparently;
Though he's still father, yet I know he's near.
APPIUS. You'd better not kick up a riot here.
Be off!
ICILIUS. 'Ere long your children shall be orphans.
First, as a punishment for your vile actions,
You, Appius, we'll smash to vulgar fractions—
And you who cringing to the the tyrant stand,
Thinking to curry favour, you'll be tanned;
Soon you shall see the righteous cause the victor—
I shan't be happy till I've licked a lictor.

Enter VIRGINIUS.

VIRG. My child, my child! kiss me—once more—another!
I never saw you look so like your mother.
Now then, just tell us what the row's about.
APPIUS. That, ill-bred fellow, you will soon find out.
Another kind of carriage you should wear.
VIRG. I keep no carriage. I walk everywhere.
ICILIUS. Alas! he may, if grief should end his days,
Go in a chaise and pair to *Pere la Chaise.*
APPIUS. It's vain to bully me, man, in that fashion.
VIRG. Don't talk to me—I'm getting in a passion.
VIRGINIA. Though pa may become passionate, I see
No one will be compassionte on me,
APPIUS. Use other language, pray.
VIRG. Which shall I speak—
French? Dutch? Italian? Hebrew? Irish? Greek?
Or of the lot make a tongue composite,
Like folks who fashionable novels write?
I'll try to please you, if you'll be my tutor.
APPIUS. Stand forth, good Claudius.
VIRG. Oh! so you're the suitor.
Let but thine eyes on mine their glances print,
I'll yield my child to thee.
CLAUD. I can't; you squint.
VIRG. 'Tis false! Thy soul doth wriggle like an eel,
Which all alive the cruel fishfags peel,
And dares not show it's face to me.
APPIUS. Proceed.
Of course you've witnesses to this same deed?
CLAUD. I have.
VIRG. Of course he has. There's many a sneak
Who can be purchased any lie to speak.
You, Appius——

ICILIUS. Hush! take care what you're about—
If you're too bold, you're sure to be bowled out.
VIRG. Mind your own business, and be quiet, lad.
If I don't speak my mind, I shall go mad.
To hear me rave here wouldn't give you pleasure,
So I'll speak first, and go mad at my leisure.
APPIUS. Produce your witnesses.

CLAUDIUS *brings forward* 4TH *and* 5TH CITIZENS.

You swear?

4TH CIT. } We do!
5TH CIT. }

APPIUS. Virginius, now we'll hear a word from you.
But have the goodness, friend, to draw it mild.
VIRG. Friends! Romans! Appius! look upon that child.
Inspect her. See you, candidly to speak,
Aught of the 'prentice in that chubby cheek?
Could you that buxom form I hold so dear,
Upon skim milk and bread and butter rear?
The cash I spent when she was in long clothes,
On pap and caudle, I dare not disclose.
In youth I gave her pence for lollipops,
And little things they sell in little shops.
And she studied so hard—was never naughty—
She learnt the harp and the piano-forte,
On which she'd after dinner play a tune.
TITUS. Her custom always of an afternoon.
VIRGINIA. For music ardent love my bosom nourishes,
For even on my toe a corn it flourishes.
ICILIUS. And in the fields, watching the evening star,
Didn't she often get a light catarrh?
VIRG. My heart is full—these tender mem'ries wring it—
So, for the rest of my reply, I'll sing it.

Song—VIRGINIUS—*Air*, "*On yonder rock reclining.*"

On yonder throne reclining,
That apoplectic form behold,
Proved if he this claim should hold,
I shall be nicely sold.
I see that he's inclining
To tear my infant from me now,
But in that case, any how,
There'll be a jolly row,
Crikey!
And my despair completing,
Afar hear echo repeating—

Air, "*Unfortunate Miss Bailey.*"

Oh! Virginia! unfortunate Virginia!
A pretty pickle you've got in,
Unfortunate Virginia!

CHORUS. Oh! Virginia, &c.

Say, Romans, is there truth in what I've sung?

TITUS. All right, old fellow.

APPIUS. Titus, hold your tongue.
Open your mouth again, and you'll repent it.
Soldiers, advance. (SOLDIERS *enter*, L. U. E.)

VIRG. Soldiers! you can't have meant it.
Troops in the Forum! Why, it's ignominious!

APPIUS. Now then, what more have you to say, Virginius?

VIRG. I've spoken.

TITUS. Cheer up, old chap!—what's the odds?

APPIUS. For Claudius I'm a witness, too.

VIRG. Ye gods!
And, I may also add, ye little fishes!

APPIUS. I'm sorry I'm obliged to thwart your wishes,
But I must own for years I've known the fact.

VIRG. (*to* VIRGINIA) Cling to me, child! I feel I'm going cracked.
(*to* APPIUS) I see it all—'tis you who urge the suit.
(*to* VIRGINIA) Clutch me!

VIRGINIA. Oh, pa! he's such an ugly brute!

ICILIUS. Goddess of Love, some fairy send between us,
To *h*intervene as at a hint o' Venus.

VIRG. Romans! on Appius now your glances fasten;
He'd steal my child.

TITUS. That's burglary—no, arson.

VIRG. To cook his dainty viands every day,
He'd from my bosom tear my babe away.

ICILIUS. He'll make her try, poor tender little fairy,
In a hot kitchen to be cool-an'-airy.

VIRG. And Claudius in this suit is only seen
As stalking horse.

TITUS. As talking ass, you mean.

VIRGINIA. To drown myself, Ophelia like, I'll go;
So, dear papa, oh, feel your daughter's woe.

VIRG. Romans! awake before the mischief's done;
Think of your forefathers—she has but one.

VIRGINIA. Oh! how his ugly face I'd like to smack.

VIRG. Help me!

CITIZENS. We will.

APPIUS. Guards, drive those fellows back.

(CITIZENS *advance menacingly, but as soon as the* SOLDIERS *advance, they run out, leaving* VIRGINIUS,

ICILIUS, VIRGINIA, SERVIA, APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, LICTORS, *and* SOLDIERS; TITUS *falls drunk into the arms of a* LICTOR, *and is dragged off.*)

VIRG. We're lost!—the coward slaves the danger flee,
And Titus is as tight as he can be.
APPIUS. Part them.
VIRG. My intellects begin to roam.
VIRGINIA. Do kill them all, papa, and let's go home.
ICILIUS. Our blood by him will probably be spilt;
He's cotched us—Scotchmen mostly own the kilt.
APPIUS. Tear them asunder.
VIRG. Wait a moment, pray,
While in her ear a word or two I say.
Think that for three long years, or thereabout,
We must part.
ICILIUS. You forget her Sunday out.
VIRG. Let me clasp these fair hands. Ah! woe is me!
With handling saucepans soon they'll smutty be.
Those fingers, lovely in most folk's opinions——
ICILIUS. Oh! won't they smell most horribly of inions!
VIRG. That nose, so sentimental, some aver
Will sniff what's not a scent I meant for her.
Those lips——
VIRGINIA. Oh, dont!—you'll kill me.
VIRG. Kill thee!—ha!
Than see thee made a cook, 'twere better far.
(*snatches knife from stall*)
Another kiss! Oh! infant most bewitchin'.
There's but one way to save thee from the kitchen.
Claudius! a bold assertion now I'll venture—
She is thy 'prentice! witness this indenture!
(*stabs* VIRGINIA; TITUS, SERVIUS, *and* CITIZENS *rush in;* SERVIA *rushes forward to catch* VIRGINIA)
ICILIUS. With that long knife inside her, much I fear
She'll go, pale, ailing, into her small bier.
Like Niobe I weep, for now it's fated
To her I ne'er shall nigher be related.
VIRG. Lo, Appius! to devote thee I've a right,
To a place never named to ears polite;
But I'll do worse—I'll cause thy life to be
An endless round of bitter misery.
Thy guilty carcass this wronged sire condemns
To bathe each morning in the river Thames.
By day thy time shall be for ever spent
In reading the debates in Parliament.
Nor shalt thou yield to sleep's refreshing power,
Till Westminster's new clock shall strike the hour.

APPIUS. To bear that wretched fate in vain I try,
Support me, Claudius—I faint, I die! (*dies*)
(*going to* VIRGINIA) And thou, most beauteous of Roman dames.
VIRGINIA. (*rising*) I wish, papa, you wouldn't call me names.
VIRG. I didn't kill you then? I thought I had.
VIRGINIA. You see, pa, the fact is that——
VIRG. Well?
VIRGINIA. (*confidentially*) I pad.
Icilius——
ICILIUS. Love!
VIRGINIA. You'll wed me soon?
ICILIUS. Don't fear.
I need no stir-up to that bridal, dear.
Before the mayor we'll make our stable vows,
And never sad'll be your loving spouse.

APPIUS *comes down.*

APPIUS. Without my aid, young man, you can't be wived—
So bless your lucky stars that I've revived.
VIRG. Appius alive! Well! this is a surprise!
Now let us—that is, when we've dried our eyes—
End with a Roman *pas de six* our story,
And crown this Roman pa deceased with glory.

Finale.—Air, "*Libiamo.*"

VIRG. I really believed that I'd murdered her quite,
And left myself minus a daughter—
But now I perceive the sweet babe is all right,
Which her parent completely consoles.
ICILIUS. The author, by your voice to-night,
Still hopes to be acquitted,
Although he has committed
The murder of Sheridan Knowles.

Air, "*Speed the Plough.*"

Tell all your friends you've been highly delighted,
Then all our toils will be amply requited.
To call again mind that you're all invited.
Here ev'ry ev'ning you'll find us all at home—
Do, do, say we've pleased you,
Own with our mad capers we haven't teased you—
If to return the longing's seized you,
All that I have to say is, pray do come.
CHORUS. Tell all your friends &c.

Curtain.

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